

(When any look on them) canst make appear
like a cloud ! Thou, that those clear eyes,
whose light surpasseth a star's
light,

Canst make Love's flames shoot, with cruel
anger, abroad! Thou, that those fair
cheeks, when a man thy beauty
beholdeth,

(Deeply to wound), canst make sweetly to blush
like a rose f Make thy brows (to delight mine
heart!) smooth ! Shadow
thy clear eyes!

(Whose, smile is to my soul, like to the sun
from a cloud,
When he shines to the world in most pride,
after a tempest;
And with his heat provokes all the delights of
the ground)
Grant me, sweet Lady! this! This,
grant! kind Pity
requesteth!

Tears and sighs make a suit! Pity me ! pity
my suit! Thus to thy sweet graces, will I leave
my dreary bewailings!

And to thy gracious heart, I recommend my
laments f Thrice blessed ! go thy way, to my
Dear ! Go, thrice speedy

Letter! And for me, kiss them ! since I may
not kiss her hands.

